## NOTES FROM LONDUR.

MR. ARNOLD, SIR MOSES MONTEFIORE, MAYNE REID, TENNYSON, LOWELL.

(FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.) LONDON, Oct. 25. The English press has its word to say on the new and popular edition of Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Literature and Dogma," He is thought to have done a graceful act in expunging the illustration of the "three Lord Shaftesburys," and there is a sufficient recognition of the motive and manner of the withdrawal. The Standard, however, which occasionally accepts an amateur championship of what is conservative in Church or State, diccusses this new Preface with a touch of the proverbial theological acrimony. Pursuing with zeal the phantom of the Conservative workingman, this writer dissents from Mr. Arnold's dictum that artisans as a body neither reverence religion nor believe in it. He is persuaded, moreover, that "our upper classes" are more religious than they were in the reign of George II. The Church, in his view, is once more beginning to gain a hold on the people. The intelligent sceptic of Mr. Arnold's Prefacetexists, but is by no means in a majority. He is, moreover, confronted by an increased activity of his

clerical foes, and so on. But the kernel of this discourse is to be sought in the dilemma propounded to Mr. Arnold at the end. He insists that not only is Christianity necessary, but the Church also, and the clergy; " the future of Christianity is hardly conceivable without them."
What, then, cries this journalistic apostle—" what on his own hypothesis are the Church and the clergy to teach? If we do not accept the supernatural, they become lecturers on morality, and University professors could in that case do all that was neces sary. If we do accept it, Mr. Arnold's whole argument collapses." The collapse is not quite complete, I should say, but I must leave it to Mr. Arnold to deal with his critic as he sees fit.

In the leading organ of Dissent, Mr. Arnold is handled in a different spirit. The new Preface and the three Lord Shaftesburys are left to take care of themselves, and Mr. Arnold is discussed in his new quality of visitor to the United States. The article is a long one and not particularly ill-natured. . If a sniffing tone may here and there be perceived, 'tis but the usual tone of this journal of Nonconformist Liberalism in its comments on America. The writer has heard (one would like to know where (that every American railway porter is well acquainted with Mr. Arnold's verses. So is the rest of the American world, in sixpenny pirated editions. Therefore we are supposed to be curious, nay, anxious, to see what manner of man it is who wrote Empedocles and the Strayed Reveller. In England, the railway porters have not read Mr. Arnolds's pieces, but there those who have atone for the ignorance of those who have not by being not the least curious about the author. And then comes the time-honored account of the American lecture system, which our Dissenting friend believes still to be universal in the States. "Lectures are to America what the opera is to Italy and the theatre to France-the great popular intellectual enjoyment and relaxation." This remarkable statement appears, not ten or twenty years ago, but this very morning. It is nevertheless followed by a genial expression of belief that Mr. Arnold must be a success in America, and that Americans may well rejoice to have seen one of the chief English poets and the first English critic of the generation.

The Jews would be singularly insensible to the claims of one of their most admirable of men if they allowed the hundredth birthday of Sir Moses Monteflore to pass without marked honors. They are paying him a tribute of respect and affection which is no more, certainly, than his due. The Christians are quite ready to take part in it, and are not stinting their culogies upon a man whose charity has proved wider than all restrictions of race. There used to be a story that Sir Moses Montefiore was knighted in 1837, by the Queen, in gratitude for a piece of advice to her mother, to which the Queen was indebted for her throne. The story, I fear, is apocryphal, and there were plenty of other reconferring the distinction, as there were for making him a Baronet nine years latter. You may read the record of his long life in the columns upon columns which the English press devotes to him. One does not know whether most to admire his far-reaching benevolence, or his sagacity, or the originality and force of his character, or his vitality, which seems more miraculous than all. I saw him last so long ago as 1878, on that memorable afternoon when ondon on his return from Berlin. Sir Moses Me tefiore was one of the company which had gathered in Charing Cross Station to await the arrival of the Prime Minister. He was one also of the very few who, as the train rolled into the station, stood on the platform and greeted the Conservative chief as he stepped out of his saloon-carriage. The veteran was then in his ninety-fifth year. His tall and powerfulfigure in its most upright moments had a stoop, but as Lord Beaconsfield held out his hand his loyal friend and admirer bent his silvered head almost to the ground. I thought for an instant he was going flown on his knees, but happily he did not. Lord Beaconsfield, too, one is glad to say, bowed low. If it were in his nature to be touched by anything, I should say he was touched by this homage thus publicly offered to him by a man to whom the whole Jewish race paid homage, not only for the beauty of his life, but for the ancient lineage and high birth in which the Montefiores are among the foremost of their nation and religion. They clasped hands, and stood for a space the central figures of a brilliant assemblage which was showering on him whom they deemed a successful statesman and diplomatist honors all but royal. Then they parted, and I cannot remember that I have seen Sir Moses Mon-

An Englishman of whom any good whatever can be said may be called happy if he dies in the dull season of London journalism. Then shall he have columns where only paragraphs would be vouchsafed to him in more stirring times. This good fortune has befallen Captain Mayne Reid, whose death occurred on Monday night; late on Monday night, as the chronicler, too eager to hint at an apology for not having had the news on Tuesday, is careful to insist. Ot the man nothing need be said which is not creditable to him. He fought our battles in Mexico, and for that he shall be mentioned grate But his place in the world was that of a writer of books, and it must be said that his books are not good books. They never, I think, really got hold of the boys for whom they were meant. He had a period of success, due in great measure to the novelty of his subjects and of his method. But, as one judicious writer observes, it is impossible to take Captain Mayne Reid seriously as a novelist. been compared with Cooper, but Cooper, with all his faults, had reality and imaginative power, and vividness and true pathos, which Mayne Reid had not. He lived, I think, out of London. I can recollect meeting him once only, and that quite secently; gray-headed, a cripple, amiable in manner, lacking the air of a man who had either seen or done great things. His books are but little read in these days, say those who ought to know. Another generation and they may probably be forgotten al-

It was announced a week or two since that Mr. Tennyson and Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. were not going to renew the arrangement under which, for some years past, the latter have published the poems of the former. The sum, said the author of this announcement, fixed by Messrs. Regan Paul & Co. to Mr. Tennyson in pursuance of this contract was \$20,000 a year. The usual reflections follow on the profitableness of literature when literature happens to produce any profit at all. But it was not mentioned that this payment of \$20,000 a year gave Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. no right except to publish during a term of years such poems of Mr. Tennyson as were already in print. For any new volume a separate bargain had to be made and an additional sum paid to the poet.

Now it is understood Mr. Tennyson has entered into a fresh treaty, and Messrs. Macmillan are to be his publishers. I once heard that it had been the dream of Mr. Alexander Macmillan's life to see the bame of his firm on the title-page of Mr. Tennyson's

poems. If that be so, he will be gratified, and we shall all be glad to have him gratified.

But meantime Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are reported to be flooding the country with their own editions of Mr. Tennyson's poems. I don't know whether they are reluctant to relinquish the honor which accrues to Messrs. Macmillan, but they are selling off at half-price all the copies of all the editions they possess. The effect will naturally be to leave Messrs. Macmillan in possession of a satisfied market. That, however, is wholly a matter between two firms, each presumably quite capable of looking after its own interests. The public enjoys the benefit of their rivalry, and anybody may now possess himself of Tennyson's complete works in a single, well-printed volume at a price not much exceeding half a dollar. More luxurious editions may be had at a proportionate rate. It happens also that the early issues of Mr. Tennyson's different poems have declined in price. This indicates, I presume, merely that the large sums given for the scarcer among them-the "Poems by Two Brothers," the 1883 poems, the " In Memoriam"-have brought into the market more copies than can readily find purchasers. Even in the bric-a-brac department of literature there prevails a law of supply and demand ; and prices are not regulated wholly by the caprice of the dealer.

Mr. Lowell is spending his well-earned holiday in Paris, living in the hotel known some years ago to many of his friends, in a quiet street, remote from the quarter where Americans fill the air with their native language. It is not difficult to imagine him roaming along the quays, exploring book-stalls, exhuming treasures from the book-shops, and living a charmed life among those charming Frenchmen of earlier centuries with whom he is, I suppose, on more intimate terms than any other American and than most of their living descendants and inheritors. The intended visit to Touraine was abandoned, but it may be still some weeks before Mr. Lowell returns to London. Mr. Hoppin, meanwhile, as charge d'affaires, looks after the Legation with his accustomed ability and discretion. . G. W. S.

# THE DICKENS LETTERS.

AND WHAT IS SAID ABOUT THEM IN THE ENGLISH PRESS.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE PRIBUNE.]
LONDON, October 30.
There are signs that the friends of the late Mr. Charles Dickens, including some of those who think themselves entitled to take semi-official charge of his memory and remains, are disturbed by your publication of the Ouvry-Mitton letters. Not I he summary of and extracts from them, with due credit to THE TRIBUNE, and with an expression of opinion to the effect that documents of so much interest ought to be collected in some permanent form. But The Daily Telegraph, which occasionally assumes the advocacy of the proprieties, considers the circumstances under which these remarkable epistles have seen the light extraordinary. In its own peculiar English the D. T. observes that they purport to have been acquired from the repre-sentatives of the late Mr. Ouvry," who was the solicitor and intimate friend of the novelist during many years. Sons and daughters of Charles Dickens are still living; therefore " we are bound to assume" that their consent to the publication of the letters had been obtained not only for the Ouvry letters but for those addressed to Mr. Mitton, who was for nearly thirty years Mr. Dickens's " legal man of business." Bound to assume it we may be, but it is none the less the opinion of this writer that the reading of the letters must be ungrateful to the feelings of the family. Then comes an outburst of iniignation:

dignation:

What purpose beyond that of satisfying a morbid appetite for gossip can result from the publication of these sordid details? Who needs to be told that, in 1832, the elder Dickens was arrested at the sait of a wine merchant and locked up in a sponginghouse in Cursitor-st.? Who wants to know anything about the financial distresses of Dickens s brothers, who had nothing whatever to do with literature, and had neither act nor part in the story of his public life? A hundred years hence such trivialities may possess a feeble kind of interest, but their publication while one at least of these brothers has left a widow and children to survive him is little less than indecent.

Indecent seems a harsh word. It is, perhaps, diffi-

Indecent seems a harsh word. It is, perhaps, difficult to estimate the precise meaning attached to it by a journal which has been in the habit of publishing objectionable advertisements at double the usual price. Possibly we may, with this fact before us, join in the hope that a wholly exceptional proceeding may not be erected into a precedent. The more so as the writer has obviously composed Lord Beaconsfield made his triumphal entry into his strictures without troubling himself to look at were wrapped in almost impenetrable darkness, while the the letters as they were published in THE TRIBUNE. It is the summary of them in The Times on which ie bases his criticisms.

The same is true, apparently, of Miss Hogarth, who sends to The Times a vehement protest against the publication of these Dickens letters. The essential part of this feminine epistle is as follows:

I beg emphatically to say that I have nothing whatever to do with the publication of these letters, or am in any way connected with it. In my capacity as executrix, I denounce the making public in England of this correspondence as an infringement of my rights; and on behalf of every member of Mr. Charles Dickens's family, I wish it also to be well Charles Diekens's laminy, I wish I also when the known how utterly repugnant to our feelings is the publication of some of these letters. Mr. Ouvry was a very dear friend of the late Mr. Charles Diekens. He was a man of the finest tact and delicacy of feeling and I can only imagine that his ill health during the years that preceded his sudden death was the represented him from leaving due instrucmust have prevented him from leaving due instruc-tions as to the disposal of his correspondence.

Miss Hogarth's indignation concerns itself chiefly with the publicity given to the letters in England But her complaint does in effect reach back to Mr. Bouton and to you, and you may therefore be interested to know that you have found a champion in "An Admirer of Dickens," whose letter The Times of Tuesday publishes. After explaining that he had read the letters as given in that paper, and that he entirely fails to see why Miss Hogarth is so angry he proceeds:

he proceeds:

But two statements made by The New-York Tribune are worthy of Miss Hogarth's serious attention. The first is that Mr. Ouvry, in arranging these letters, had the assistance of Miss Hogarth herself, who was able approximately to fix their dates. Why was this done? Miss Hogarth doubtless did not give this assistance ostensibly with a view to publication, but it must be obvious to any one that Mr. Ouvry contemplated future publication. Secondly, and this is very important, The Tribune states that "Miss Hogarth wrote to Mr. Ouvry that as Mr. Forster had written freely of the family money troubles she did not feel justified in suppressing all the letters and documents referring to this," Is this statement true? If it be, it completely removes the ground from Miss Hogarth's letter which you publish to-day.

Today also The Daily News mixes in the fray:

To-day, also, The Daily News mixes in the fray not reluctant to lay its lash on any American back that may seem to lie ready for a stroke. Dickens, cries out this new champion of silence, is the latest victim of the love of gossip and the love of gain. The letters now published in America, and since laid before the English public, are, in the not too careful phrase of this writer, "concerned with donestic and private concerns," All the world he continues, knew before all about the elder Dickens, and since the record was not ungenial, "we should be content with it, and decline to gratify an utterly nean curiosity about affairs which still have a personal and private interest for living people."

The law of copyright is invoked to prevent the reprinting of the letters in England. I suppose there is no doubt that the Court of Chancery would grant an injunction if Miss Hogath chooses to apply for one. Nothing is better settled than the doctrine that the copyright in letters belongs to the sender and not to the receiver of them, and the executrix of the sender would be in as good a position to demand legal protection as the writer himself, supposing the copyright not to have expired by limitation of time. Mr. Justice Story has stated the law on sound and just that a court of equity should interfere where a letter from its very nature, as in the case of matters of business, or friendship, or advice, or family or private confidence, imparts the implied or necessary intention and duty of privacy and secreey; or when the publication would be a violation of trust or confidence founded in contract or implied from circumstances. Whether Miss Hogarth, on the strength of her share in preparing these letters for the press, might be held by the court to be a consenting party to the publication, query?

All these abstruse coosiderations of equity and this point as strongly as anybody. It is, he says, but

morality, however, are for this side of the water. Nobody presumes to doubt the right of an American pub lisher to do, like the Duke of Newcastle, as he likes with his own, or, unlike the Duke of Newcastle, with other people's property, provided the other people are British A Broadway publisher, sighs The Daily Neces, cannot be trusted. And it winds

We know already much about Dickens, more than we know of a dozen of the greatest writers in the world, and the unauthorized publication of more private letters is to the last degree superfluous and impertinent. up in a fine burst of outraged sentiment:

Amid this hailstorm of hard adjectives it may not be quite easy to discern between those meant for you, and for Mr. Bouton, and for The Times Mr. Ouvry ought to come in for his share, but he is dead. His executors who sold the letters must bear some of the blame, also, unless, as The Daily Telegraph gen tly intimates, they were stolen. Mr. Edmund Yates insinuates the same with, as his habit is, rather less gentleness. In The World of to-day this stern Cato

Every one will sympathize with Miss Hogarth's indignant disclaimer of any complicity on the part of Dickens's family in the publication of his business letters, addressed under the seal of confidence to his solicitor. It is impossible to imagine how the letters can have got into the market, for all who know Mr. Ouvry recognize in him a man of the strictest honor and probity, and the last to commit any professional laches.

No doubt Mr. Bouton will be glad to state explicitly from whom he bought the letters, and let whatever responsibility there may be in the matter rest where it belongs. There will be, I daresay, other contributions to this discussion, but I have quoted or summarized all I have seen thus far, with the exception of a couple of acrid paragraphs in The what but to take his soul and give it unto swine that Leeds Mercury, a paper which, for what reason I know not, has a marked prejudice against America, and, I am afraid, against THE TRIBUNE. It is of opinion that the protest of Miss Hogarth will meet with general sympathy, and that the publication of these letters (which it describes as "appearing" in THE TRIBUNE) " without any attempt to soften the allusions to other persons which are certain to cause pain, can only be regarded as a gross outrage upon the memory of Dickens himself." It plumply calls them "stolen property," and the printing of them "another instance of the crying wrongs suffered by English authors at the hands of the American na-

tion." Phrases of this sort strike one as provincial. I may say, however, that the notion of shrouding Dickens's affairs in privacy comes too late to have any practical value. He himself made public some of the most private passages of his life. To a certain extent he took the world into his confidence with respect to the relations between himself and Times, certainly, which on Saturday published a his wife. He chose deliberately to lay bare in his will other secrets of other relatives with other women. His Life by Forster was regarded by everybody as a disappointing book; partly because Forster made too much of his own friendship with Dickens, but partly also because so many stories are half told. The subsequent publication of three volumes of letters by his daughters and by Miss Hogarth spoke eloquently enough on these points. Dickens himself appeared convinced that he could not have publicity enough. There was nothing he was not ready to confide to half a million of people, if so many could be got to listen. So that, I repeat, the arging now of this plea of privacy is nonsense so far as it is meant to cover the memory of the novelist. So far as it is meant to attack those who are instrumental in bringing these documents to light, the accused will of course answer for themselves. The Times has not yet felt called upon to appear in the dock, or to make any sort of apology for its share in the business. \*

#### ME IRVING AT REHEARSAL.

THE GREAT ACTOR'S CLOSE ATTENTION TO DETAILS -AN EDUCATIONAL MATINEE.

Much has been written and more said about Mr. Irving's methods of stage-management. He has been chiled, even by those who are not enthusiastic over his acting or his conceptions of Shakespearian parts, the greatest master of stage business and management who ever lived. It has been said that to attend one of his careful rehearsals of his company is of itself a "liberal neation" in stage-craft. A TRIBUNE reporter therefore applied to his manager, Mr. Loveday, for permission to attend one of these educational matinees, but was met with the unwelcome intelligence that such a thing as outsider being present during rehearsal was unheard of in Lyceum annals. "Not even my own

mother," said Mr. Loveday, " would be admitted."

Luckier than Mr. Loveday's mother, however, the fortunate reporter found himself the other day by chance within the auditorium while a rehearsal of "The Bells" was in progress. The empty boxes and vacant seats stage was completely lit as for an The orchestra were in their places, but the groups of chatting and laughing stage hands, the group of hangers on lounging in front, in fact the usual unnecessary adjuncts of the ordinary rehearsal were conspicue their absence. On the stage, Mr. Terriss in an English tweed sack coat was standing as Christian in the centre of the room, which was elaborately set as if the curtain were going to rise on a performance. Two clean-shaven old men were sitting at the table, under which in a few hours, their legs, cased in the picturesque Alsatian costume, would be stretched; now the ordinary trousers of the Fifth-ave. lounger. Miss Poncefort's siender figure was hid under a fur circular, but Annette's loving expression was on her face as she removed an imaginary cloak from Christian's shoulder. med to be going like clockwork; and a glance at the left of the stage revealed the main-spring. Sitting on a cane-chair, with his face to the stage, was Mr. Irving, and it was soon apparent that the keen eyes were taking in every gesture and every movement of the company on stage. Christian rpeaks to the old man at the table; Mr. Irving raises his hand; the action ceases. He rises, walks over, assumes Christian's position and suggests an alteration of the gesture; it is made at once the actor, and once more the action moves on. Once or twice is this repeated with now one and now another of the performers; and it must be borne in mind that this is perhaps the two or three hundredth time that these same actors have gone through these same parts under this same soft-spoken stage manager. Small wonder that signs of haste or slovenliness are unknown at the Lyceum

Suddenly Mr. Irving rises from his chair, strides across the stage, and opens the door in the flat at the back preparatory to making his own entry as Mathias. Something causes it to hitch. "Loveday!" he calls in a slightly raised voice, and Mr. Loveday is on his knees examining the refractory door. A carpenter is called, and Mr. Irving defers his entry until the door swings easily. When he does enter and begins to speak, one notices that while his company speak their lines as though they were before an audience, and often are requested to repeat a sentence so as to secure the exact emphasis, Mathias almost whisper his words, so that the cue only is caught by his compan-ions; but all his poses and all his "business" are, as it his words, so that the cue only is caught by his companions; but all his poses and all his "business" are, as it were, sketched in with a light hand so that the others may act up to it. The play goes on; Mathias's outer clothes are removed, in imagination, by Mancile; the gaudy necklace is, in imagination, twisted round the latter's neck; one by one the characters depart, and, as in the evening, Mahias is left alone; but not, as in the evening, Mahias is left alone; but not, as in the evening, Mahias is left alone; but not, as in the evening, to thrill an audience by his superstitious terrors. He stands in the centre of the stage and requests Mr. Loveday, in no terror-haunted tones, to "let him see how that flat works." The back of the scene accordingly sinks; the border at the top is raised, and the vision of the Jew in his sleigh with the murderous figure following it, axe in hand, is seen. The Jew, however, has a shiny slik hat; and the visionary Mathias is holding an umbrella instead of a weapon; but the snow is falling in a realistic manner, and the limelight is playing on the group, and it gives one a shivery feeling of cold.

Something goes wron; however, and three or four times the quiet voice requests that it may be worked "just once more, please." On the final appearance of the vision the Jew has stepped out, the snow has stopped, and two stage hands are brushing up the stage house. Then the signal is given to let the curtain fail. This also makes necessary the exercise of patience on the part of the invisible "George," who is halloed to and answers from somewhere in the region of the roof. He has to let the curtain down, not once, but half-a-dozen times before the exact rate of speed is hit upon. Then at last Mr. Inving gives a sigh of relief, wairs sway from the centre of the stage, shakes hands with Miss Terry, who has looked in to see how things are getting on, and the rehearsal of the first act of "The Bells" is over.

# SECRETARY CHANDLER'S WEALTH.

## BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK.

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Mr. Whitney, of Rochester tells me, that Powers's new hotel there cost \$700,000; that the Powers business block has 1,000 tenants; that the Vanderbilt coterie are erecting at Charlotte a rival to Oswego's lake commerce; that the Central's elevated track through Rochester cost \$2,000,000; that the West Shore has one track graded to Buffalo except two small gaps; that milling on the Genesec is again vigorous, Western wheat coming through in bulk at two cents a bushel to the free Erie Canal; and that Hiram Sibley is worth \$15,000,000.

Arthur B. Johnson was a lonely man, yet of the crowd. He is said to have been of mixed Hebrew and Christian stock, and his father, like Butterfield and others, began in and accompanied transportation to its imperial results,-stages first, then canals, railroads and telegraphs, and then fast freight companies and express companies. Johnson had a melancholy cast, seldom smiled, was gen tlemanly yet resentful, adored where he should have adhered to principle, and so with diminishing grasp upon himself passed into weeks and realms of gloom, and in the solffary dark drew his weapon like Portia and "swal-

Sensuality is hardly less the foe of man than alcohol. There may be extreme cases where alcohol is a relief to o'erdriven wits, compelling cessation, but the other flend poisons the sources of moral distinctions, turns domestic trust into anarchy, makes murder no more than a scandal, and toward old age takes all the faith from life Looking back the self-deluded man sees gulfs he cannot cross, confidence he industriously disturbed, conjugality, he has undermined, and heaven he has pulled down. For turned again and reut him !

Wall-st. Dr. Carl H. Schultz told me a few days ago that he was the chemist there about seventeen years. He could not remain unless they advanced his salary from \$2,000 to \$2,500. He came to this country above thirty years

How few know anything about the Assay Office in

How is Tilden to carry New-York State, since he cre ated Mr. Daniel Manning, who in turn created Mr. Cleveland, who in turn died for everybody, especially for the German artillery of Buffalo !

I shook hands with General Sherman in Broadway last week. He is nearly straight, but I thought looked a little white and floury, as if moving had been too much for him. Said he: "My wife says she already experiences a homelike feeling at the prospect of having our own time, we hope, for some remaining years." Sherman and Grant cord-wood, they say: Sherman was president of a horsecar line; Sheridan dug and carted earth out of a canal cutting in Ohio. They all started so plainly that although a-horse they feel the opposite of Sidney Smith coming through the toll gate: " How much is the toll !" said he. "Nothing, sir, for foot passengers." "Dear me" exclaimed Smith, looking down, "I thought I was on horse-

This has been a bad campaign for newspaper reporters. The young man who sought to leap across the East River on his lead pencil did not duck for that low bridge, and the ex-reporter who knocked out Purcell as chief of a State Committee has taken the Carr for the hospital. As Phidias may have said: "Let the last stick to his cob-

Now Hallet Kilbourn gets \$60,000 damages on a second trial before a Washington City Jury. This money was lost to public clamor, instigated by blackmall. In an attempt to destroy the Federal district of the United States and to take the Federal Government apart for private pique and sensation, four investigations were held, all expensive and exasperating, and they yielded no secreta worthy of the hue and cry; so it was resolved to make private citizens turn their pockets inside out and give away their business secrets to malevolent curiosity Klibourn, a real estate dealer, refused to give his books up. He was sent to the same jall Gulteau died in. After the Courts released him, on the ground that his oftence as his constitutional rights, he offered to produce every book, saying, in effect: "It was your tyranny I opposed: I really had nothing to conceal." He was passed by in contempt, as if a man could be insulted and knocked about and locked up by Government, and they need not even answer his letter. The jury will continue to put on the damages. Least of all can great Governments break the laws. This trespass was done when Samuel J. Ran dail was Speaker.

When John R. McLean goes home he plays the plane accompanying himself with song, and also plays the banjo and gultar. He is a baritone. His boys all say that he gives them sound advice, good in principle and

The new Mutual Life Building at Nassau and Liberty sts. is a fine sight, notwithstanding its narrow confines, and seems to be, architecturally, merely a basement, an entresel and one prodigious story with fluted pilasters sending the eye up to its dizzy cornices. Perhaps, like spire to come. A good secular spire would be a novelty down-town, where Trinity spire is growing lonesom Towers and domes and turreted bays are there, but as yet, I think, no business spire. The spire is a strong feature of Flemish civic architecture, as in the City Hall of Brussels. The mere windowing of our new Mutual Life Building is not a matter of architectural divisions Floors in houses now are like panes of glass in windows: they mean nothing toward the design and skeleton Architecturally windows are necessary defects. The Mills Building in Broad-st. has nine to eleven lines of windows but only two real stories and a basement and attic. The Field Building has many floors but few true stories. The material of the Mutual edifice is a delicate freestone of a shelly expression as if infinite limy animals with a red husk in their gray wings deposited the stone quarries. The perch in Nassau-st. in gray granite, pol isking blue, is a compendious thing, like a lyric of the globe, with its types of nations looking mystically out above. And this is not inexpressive of a mighty charity which insures all human nature, and still numbers its millions past the hundred. We think so much for those beyond our dving that theology is half swallowed up in life's dear sacrifices. He who insures his own life numility, fearing he cannot save himself; piety, in that he is unselfish; and faith, in that he trusts fellow man.

Edwin Cowles, of Cleveland, says: "No fury will give an editor damages in a libel suit. I had the worst case of that kind. I brought the suit, brought every witness, and established the libel fully. The defence was that I had freely commented, too. The jury found a verillet against me. ,We have no rights in court, taking all our

John G. Thompson of Ohio says Judge Thurman will draw every Democratic vote and he does not know who He says the judgment of \$60,000 against him is no trifling matter to be on the record; that each Con gress is a law unto itself; and that he expects at least the cost of defending the suit will be reimbursed.

Stretch these gentry out in a row: they include all the Democratic names for President: Samuel J. Tilden, Grover Cleveland, William Dorshelmer, Abe Hewitt, W. 8. Haucock, Samuel J. Randall, Judge Pratt of Brook lyn, Thomas F. Bayard, George Hoadly, H. B. Payne, George H. Pendleton, George B. McClellan, Henry C. Slocum, William Morrison, Stephen J. Field, Joseph McDonald, Thomas A. Hendricks, Lyman Trumbull, Allen G. Thurman, George F. Stoneman. Pulverize this list and only three or four probabilities will remain in it: say, Tilden, Hoadly and McDonald. The more examination put on Tilden the more he will fade out. To McDon ald again, as a year ago, the needle begins to flicker, and the alternative or coterminous one may be Hoadly.

A deeply learned Broadway scholar informed me from the inside that when The Bulfineh feil to twopence it had only 18,000 to 19,000 circulation. Now let the feathers

Dost see the Dutch-gabled brick edifice just below Union Square where the Gorham Company is putting up salesrooms and apartments ! The small round turret like a roll of parchment at the angle seems to invite the tem-ple-haunting martlet.

Gillis and Divine, two well-known hotel clerks, having disappeared from their respective counters, I found them last week at a new up-town hotel, in Fifth-ave., installed as proprietors. Their flag floats over the brown-stone block but their saily-port is on the side street. Snug little hotels of the Piccadilly kind are thickening uptown, and Fifth-ave, is their lane.

New-York hotel property is in great part owned out of town. The new Grand Plaza Hotel at the Park gate of Pitth-ave, is to be owned in much at New-Haven. The Sturtevant House is owned in Boston. Where Abbey's late Park Theatre stood Brooks Brothers have moved up from Bond-st.,-their fifth jump, I think,-and that property is understood to be owned in England.

Men still live who remember the Macready riots in 1849. Taking up Macready's diary, it is interesting to James Fox, that 115 years ago, when John Wilkes ren

ollow the progress of that acquaintance from criticism and next to hostility and brutality. Mac ready had to play under the elder Booth when the latter was first discovered as a possible rival to Kean. He describes Booth as " not only obscured but hidden; no one seemed to give a thought to him." In a new piece created for Booth, Macready says: "The ma fused to accept my forfeit of thirty pounds and let me throw the despicable part up. Mr. Booth made the sneering observation to me, 'I think your part is as good 'Will you change with me ?' was my reply, sufficiently answered by his significant and triumphant smile." It is clear that J. B. Booth never made any such impression in England as in America, and that Macroady had no amiable soul. This was in 1817, thirty-two years before Forrest and Macready came violently together.

Macready's first notice of Forrest, in 1826, was n cordial. He wrote: "Forrest was Marc Antony, a very young man, not more than one-and-twenty. The Bowery lads made great account of him, and he certainly was possessed of remarkable qualifications. His figure was good, though perhaps a little too heavy; his face might be considered handsome; his voice was excellent; he was gifted with extraordinary strength of limb, to which he omitted no opportunity of giving prominence. He had received only the commonest education, but in his read-ing of the text he showed the discernment and good sense of an intellect much upon a level with that of Conway (father of Minnie Conway f), but he had more energy, and was altogether distinguished by powers that under proper direction might be productive of great effect. I saw him again in William Tell. His performance was marked by vehemence and rude force that told upon his scarers, but of pathos there was not the slightest touch, and it was evident that he had not rightly understood some passages in his text. My observation upon him was not hastily pronounced. Possessed of natural requisites in no ordinary degree, he might under careful discipline confidently look forward to eminence in his profession. To self-denying training I was certain he never would submit. . . . My forebodings were pro-phetic." Did not this kind of criticism talked aloud bring on the riots twenty-three years later !

Mr. 'Tilden's latest visitors describe him as withering away, the skin getting down to the bones, the cyclids almost involuntary, the face hanging rather than h together, the left hand a dry stick, the right hand feeling tremblingly for the side of the head, the knees seekin each other, the voice an everlasting whisper, and the talk a monologue of self-congratulations in reply to cruel flattery. He says not a word in opposition to assurances that he is everywhere wanted for President, except to whisper: "I am sound. My physician has examined all my vital organs-my heart, liver, lungs, and my mental organization. He says I am perfectly well except my strength. I reformed New-York and was elected President. I did not see fit to take the office by violence. would have reformed the Federal Government. I was overworked in my administration. Excitement is good for me." All this in a whisper no two men can hear at once. Fax mentia incendium gloria.

The improvement in self-government afforded by elghteen years of peace is seen in Virginia, both in the election scenes and the silly telegraph reports, as if no man there could describe anything without being an actor in it. Suppose the Governor of New-York had been struck at the polls and his son had come to his support with a shot-gun; that one United States Senator had immediately deserted the other on his defeat; that a little tobacco town like Danville had proclaimed a war of races, etc., should we have proclaimed our "emancipation"! The Democratic party must wear Holman's liver-padand go.

The Hon. Joseph McDonald's friends are covertly saying that his beautiful wife is too confiding and believes too much in his favor, and that a trip to Europe would do her good. The McDonald boom is again inflaming Hendricks's toe.

It is said of our Bill Travers that lately finding his wife had again changed the matches, he endeavored to light her fine-tooth comb on the wall, and being reproved, said Well, tooth is stronger than friction."

John G. Thompson won \$1,000 from Joe Rickey on the election of General Keifer to be Speaker and forgave it. Thompson says the verdict of Kilbourn will be set aside as excessive again and that he may recover finally

If Mahone had again carried Virginia an effort would have been made to put the next Republican National Convention at Richmond. Now Washington is talked of, Cleveland and Indianapelis are suggested, and Chicago probably holds the acc.

A Maine visitor in the city tells me that the late Goveror Washburn, of Wisconsin, left his chiteren \$1,000,000 each and in his mother's memory endowed with \$300,000 a hospital in Milwaukee. The children are contesting the latter bequest in the name of an insane mother who showed even in her honcymoon signs of aberration. The Washburns have built a stone library on their home stend in Maine.

Judge J. C. McHenry, of Hamilton, Ohio, the warm friend of Vallandigham, says that the two political parties next year will take solid men out of the more humble ranks of each party and throw away all the self-seekers.

A game of poker played some years ago between Gen eral Schenck and a Mr. De Graff, of Dayton, is thus described: My informant saw Schenck's hand all the way through. He drew an ace and deuce of spades, paid his ante, saw it raised and bet ten dollars. De Graff raised it to a hundred dollars. "Gambling, are yout" said Schenck. "I'll bet you \$500"-continuing to draw. He drew a flush, or handful of spades. De Graft bet \$500 more. Schenck raised it again \$500. "I'll take your money," said De Graff, showing three jacks. "Some day or other you may," said Schenck, presenting his flush; but not till you can play this game.

I asked my friend above, who was a Democratic jurist, f Schenck was an abler man than his Dayton neighbor, Vallandigham. "A far better politician," he replied. Both men were brave; Vallandigham was stingy chenck gave away money as he played cards, heartly and princely. He would stand any imputation but the Who wanted his credit got it; in that way he gave 'the boys' a lift on the Emma Mine. bread thrown upon the waters, for subsequent dividends on the mine paid him \$50,000 and made him moderately independent. He would have been President of the United States, nominated in 1876, but for the Emma

There seems to have been some ill-feeling in Chicago wer the branch house of A. T. Stewart & Co., and every over the branch house of A. presumably a well-known new and then somebody there, presumably a well-known member of a big rival dry-goods house, gets the story set affeat that Judge Hilton refused to pay certain taxes which were lawfully due on the stock of the firm. It would be a petty sort of business to keep reviving an ex-ploded calumny of that sort any way, but when it is revived after the rival house sought to be injured is no longer in the field, the thing assumes the phase of malignant Idlocy.

The Bijou Theatre is showing a front of glazed variegated tiles. The new French Opera in Twenty-third-st., is copiously ornamented with caryatides and masks and floral insignia in stone. How are all these theatres to be supported without drafting more braves into their serv-Have we yet produced an American play worth more than pastime!

The comments on this city are all made from the Broadway standpoint, but yonder in the dark bowels of the town is a life we never pierce. Think of the judges mitting off litigants with the statement that the juils are full of people who cannot get ball and whom it is mercy Think of those whose wall of injustice never can reach the public press, so far above them are the smallest facilities of influence! Think of the trade in childhood going along monotonously, of the lives that never saw an innocent beginning, of multitudes who cannot ask for bread in English, of the legion who are fed from swill barrels, of the warmth that thousands never know except at the saloon stove and lounging there like moths to the lamp, counted every heart-beat of the saloon keeper to hear when he should say, "Depart"—that man of grand surroundings. Can we wonder that saloon keepers reach so many of the offices! How idle it is to exclaim upon the man in the palace whose thousand vassals have nothing but a vote. Here, should Charity rush like a river, it would still be shallow. Rise, Charity, and be our Phari-

Said Charles Dickens in 1842-only forty-one years ngo :-" I'll tell you what the two obstacles to the pass-ing of an international copyright law with England are: firstly, the the national love of 'doing' a man in any bargain or matter of business; secondly, the national vanity. Both been characteristics prevail to an extent which no stranger can possibly estimate. It is an essential part of the pleasure here derived from the perusal of a popular English book, that the author gets nothing for it. The raven hasn't more joy in eating a stolen piece of meat. As to telling them they will have no literature of their own, the universal answer (out of Boston) is: "We don't want one. Dollars, banks and cotton are our pooks sir." This was only forty-one years ago, yet it reads like now.

I observe, reading Trevelyan's Early History of Charles

fer Parliament in London City," his appearance on the hustings in the Guild Hall aroused an excitement that showed itself, after the old English fashion, in betting so extensive and systematic that the wagers on his sucwere consolidated by a ring of enterprising brokers into a recognized stock, which was freely quoted on 'change."
This John Wilkes, who tested the habeas corpus to be above the privilege for Parliament-another Hallet Kilbourn case-was a relative, cousin, I think, of the late Admiral Wilkes, of the United States Navy, and a very distant connecti on of Booth, the actor. Hence the latter's

son was called John Wilkes Booth.

Said John G. Thompson during the week: "In the Hancock campaign men were accused of turning the press against Hancock. Now I saw how it was, because I came here after the October elections had gone against us. Such is the propensity for gambling in this town that every Democrat you would meet offered to bet you Garfield would carry New-York or be President. The pecuniary turn of the matter absorbed all their patriotsm. How could anybody report otherwise than that in New-York Hancock's prospects looked gloomy!"

You will sometimes see in the lower part of this city a nan with eyes very near his nose, with a long, sloping face and gaunt, almost consumptive figure and demure, courteous address, yet keen as Patrick Henry's glance, though he does not always look straight at you. behold in him a man who can look around a square corner and see the Presidency in the middle of the opposite block. His name is John Rhoderic McPherson—Carthagenian the name is—and he is the boss of New-Jersey. Governor-elect Leon Abbett' is his creation. New-Jersey. as ex-Mayor Wickham remarks, may well furnish the next Democratic candidate, considering that New-York, New-Jersey and Connecticut are all essential to the Demorracy; Mr. Wickham's idea was that ex-Governor Randelph was the man; he has since said that McClellan might be revived. He overlooks John Rhoderie Mc-Pherson, age just fifty. There is a ripe yet maiden age for you. Now I undertake to say that there is not a better politician in the country, as barrels go, than J. R. M. He has a seat in the Senate till 1889.

New-Jersey has been kept Democratic by the moral example of two of her Governors of that party, Joel Parker and Theodore Randolph. The former made a faithful war-Governor, the latter enforced the right of procession against the Molly Maguires. New-York has been kept demi-Democratic by the two other Governors, Tild and Cleveland, both of whom undertook to chasten their Hibernian levies. The Democracy is composed of two elements, the Puritan Democrats and the Hibernians. The former are the race of Andrew and Stonewall Jackson, of Marcy and Silas Wright, of Livingston and Clinton-men of ideas and war. The line that divides them from the Republicans at times disappears. The last act of General Marsh was to march the Puritan army into the City of London.

It is said at Albany that the late candidate for Congressman-at-Large, Mr. Howard Carroll, was educate n Europe by President Arthur, who was a friend of Lieutenant Colonel Carroll, the young man's father, who was mortally wounded in the war.

Senator Daniel Voorhees tells a story that when Senater Eutler, of South Carolina, had a contest for his seat, Senator Cameron said to his successor, Donald: "Thirty years ago this Butler's uncle was chairman of the Elec tions' Committee and resisted an effort to take my seat." Therefore Donald Cameron and Patterson and others of that contingent at once went to Butler's relief. It occurred to me, hearing this told, that it had a more distant beginning. Calhoun was indebted to Simon Cameron for assistance to get The Globe newspaper, the Government organ of Polk, out of the hands of his waspish enemy, Francis P. Blair. Cameron is accused by Benton of having done the work. Calhoun may have given Butler his instructions, as he was all-powerful in South Carolina. But I think that McDuffle was in the Senate when the

elder Cameron went there.

Our new apartment-houses are variously compared to balloons and to sausages, in their effort to hold within the ame skin such variety of contents and to bloom so high.

The big new Catholic church at Fift-y-ninth-st. and Ninth-ave. is to be seated with 3,000 of Mackaye's invisthle chairs.

Signs indicate that the Cleveland, Hendricks and Tilden coms are to be annexed to H. B. Payne, of Oldo.

# COACHING IN AMERICA.

THE PROGRESS IN FOUR-IN-HAND DRIVING-THE

AMERICAN SUPERSEDING THE ENGLISH COACH. Coaching is one of the imported pastimes for wealthy men which has taken a strong root in this country and is growing steadily in favor. To own a four in-hand is about on a par with the luxury of owning a and the importance it confers on its owner. The comparison with a yacht might be carried still farther for both need a strong guiding hand and watchful eye, both of them pitch and roll more or less and both are liable to collision and capsizing with an unskillful "skipper." Fast passenger-conches were in the height of their perfection when railways were introduced and may be said to date from 1823 or even earlier. It was not until about the year 1864, however, that amateur coaching was started, when August Belmont's gaily-painted drag coke the echoes and the envy of Fifth-ave. Leonard Jerome was also a pioneer in this new English pastime, first driving a break and afterward a drag. Mr. Jerom

was the first to drive an American-made coach.

In 1875 the Coaching Club was founded by Leonard Jerome, James Gordon Bennett, Frederic Bronson William Jay, Delancey Kane, Thomas Newbold, William P. Douglas, S. Nicholson Kane and A. Thorndike Rice. The Club owned seven coaches, all being of English make except Mr. Jerome's. No person can belong to the Club who does not own a drag except he he a son of a member who is part owner of an establishment. coach adopted was the old mail-coach, with the difference that the English coach carried no passengers behind. The guard on the old English coach used to be perched over the hind " boot " and would sound his horn to warn other vehicles out of the way. This was the privilege of vehicle carrying the mail, for the protection of which the guard was armed with a deadly blanderbuss. Mr. Fownes, the father of Colonel Kane's guard, relates with gusto bow he used to drive the mail-coach from London

The coaching men also have a uniform consisting of a green dress coat with black velvet collar, a buff or white waistcoat and black trousers. Every spring they drive waisteoal and black trousers. Every spining they dive off for a three days' outing to some house in the country, and in the latter part of May give their annual parade for which seats on the boxes are more coveted than invitations to the Patriarch's bails. During the summer and autumn the members are at their country houses and often take long drives with relays of horses through the picturesque parts of New-England, New-York, New-Jersy and Long Island. They are, as a rule, solid, quick gentiemen of leisure and much given to trading horses; their teams are constantly changing. First, there is a passion for roans, then for iron-grays, clestnats or bays. Colonel Kane likes a conch-horse to be about fifteen hands high and to weigh 950 to 1,000 pounds. Some of the members prefer a heavier horse. Slowly but surely the American-made coach has gained on the English until it has passed it in favor, standing sixteen to eleven in the Club. The Tantivy and Pioneer, which have been run to Pelham and Yonkers, are both of American make. So are those of August Belmont, G. R. Fearing, Frederick Gebhard, T. A. Haveneyer, Pierre Lerillard, Fredrick Nellson, J. V. Parker, J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, F. A. Schermerhorn, F. K. Sturgis, E. D. Morgan, C. A. Howdoin and Mr. Jerome. William P. Douglass's is Prench, Hugo Frituris's was English, but has been removated so much that it is as good as naturalized. The thoroughly English drags are those of "Bey" Bell, Frederick Bronson, Nellson Brown and Fairman Rogers, both of Philiadelphia; G. G. Haven, William Jay, Colonel Kane, F. R. Rives and G. P. Wetmore.

Brewsters, of Broadway and Forty-eighth-st., are making three coaches for Chicago men and two for Boston. They have also just finished a handsome drag for a citizen of the Hub, all of which shows that the object of the Coaching Club, "to encourage four-in-hand driving in America," is being successful. One of the pretitest drags ever turned out by this firm is E. D. Morgan's. It is a light drag, only weighing 2,200 pounds. It is the opini off for a three days' outing to some house in the country, and in the latter part of May give their annual parade

## CITOVENNE DESIRE.

When a certain English author was asked to the house of an American lady of advanced opinions "to meet some minds at tes," he declined the proferred hospitality on the ground that he was engaged to neet some stomachs at dinner. Probably he thought, like Citoyenne Désiré, that ladies of advanced opinions are best kept at a distance. That wife of a French artisan had the courage to take the redoubtable Louise Michel to task for turning her hasband's head with her foolish writings; making him fancy himself a statesman, under which delusion he neglected his work and starved his family, for the good of his country. An animated correspondence ensued, of which perhaps because she got the worst of the argument—the famous feminine Communist first grew tired; whereupon she brought it to an erid with: "I cannot waste any more perhaps because ane got the worst of the argument-famous feminine Communist first grew tired; whereupor also brought it to an ord with: "I cannot waste any more time upon this Citoyenne Désiré, who has been annoying me. If she has anything more to say, she had better come to my office, where I have a broom ready for her recep-tion."

tion."
The next issue of the Revolution Sociale contained the triumphant announcement: "The Citoyenne Désiré has not accepted my invitation?"